

ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

In effect on and after November 5, 1893.

WESTBOUND.				
Trains.	No.	Leave Kansas City.	Arrive Topeka.	Leave Topeka.
Solid Vestibule Express—A	11	11:25 am	1:40 pm	1:50 pm
Through Fast Express—B	9	8:15 pm	10:25 pm	10:30 pm
Chicago, Texas Express—C	1	10:40 am	12:50 pm	1:10 pm
Southwestern Night Express—D	18	8:30 am	12:15 pm	12:30 pm
Rock Island Night Express—E	3	7:50 pm	10:25 pm	10:40 pm
EASTBOUND.				
Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.	
Limited Express—A	2	8:40 am	9:40 am	9:40 pm
Rock Island Limited Express—B	12	4:20 pm	4:25 pm	6:30 pm
St. Joseph and Eastern Express—C	14	9:30 pm	7:05 pm
Mail via St. Joseph—D	4	8:40 am	6:00 am	8:30 am
Express and Mail via Kansas City—E	19	4:55 am	6:10 am	7:30 am

THE SANTA FE ROUTE.

Trains to Here on.

In effect on and after December 27, 1893.				
WESTBOUND.				
Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.	Leave Kansas City.
Wells, Richardson and Pratt Local	313	8:45 am	10:35 am	10:40 am
El Paso and Santa Fe Local	218	8:45 am	10:35 am	10:40 am
Denver and Topeka	8	9:30 am	11:30 am	11:35 am
California, El Paso and Topeka	1	9:30 am	11:30 am	11:35 am
Kansas City and Topeka	100	4:30 pm	6:30 pm	6:35 pm
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	7	9:30 pm	11:35 pm	11:45 pm
El Paso and Topeka	118	7:30 am	7:35 am
EASTBOUND.				
Trains.	No.	Leave Topeka.	Arrive Kansas City.	Leave Kansas City.
R. C. Leach and Topeka	144	1:35 pm	3:30 pm	4:30 pm
California, El Paso and Topeka	4	2:15 pm	4:15 pm	4:20 pm
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	6	4:30 pm	6:30 pm	6:35 pm
El Paso and Topeka	8	4:30 pm	6:30 pm	6:35 pm
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	118	7:30 am	7:35 am
El Paso and Topeka	100	9:30 pm	11:35 pm	11:45 pm

Between Topeka, Atchison and St. Joseph.

Trains.				
No.	Leave St. Joseph.	Arrive Atchison.	Leave Atchison.	Arrive Topeka.
El Paso and Topeka	105	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	106	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am
El Paso and Topeka	107	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	108	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am
El Paso and Topeka	109	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am
Chicago, St. Louis and Topeka	110	8:30 am	9:30 am	11:20 am

These Cold Mornings

There's nothing more grateful and delicious than a breakfast dish of steaming pancakes.

The best and most wholesome kind are made from

Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour

It is composed of Wheat, Corn and Rice—the three greatest staples of life.

Self-rising and made ready in an instant.

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NEW YEAR'S, '94

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Ring out, O bells, of every sect—Too many names ye have for rhyme—Peal joyously the New Year chimes, And all the woe we all expect.

Ring out the bustle and the bangs—Ring out the stress and the pure dogs, too—Ring out legions without ado, And dripping skirts that bobbing hang.

Ring out the need for Latin, Greek—Ring out the mixed tongues, slang and all, And when we go to make a call, Let us converse in Volapuk.

Ring out the "fringe," the corners' room—Ring out the corner's "man of wit," Ring in some good laws made to fit, And not by lawyers only seen.

Ring out hard times and dire suspense; Ring in less greed, a kinder heart; Ring in great plenty through the land; Ring in a rain of common sense.—Selected.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

"What comfort is my son Jack! His treacherous mother left no trace of her in him. He is all mine! Another year will see Jack through his medical college. Then, with my son my partner, I can look outside of business and perhaps can love again."

Dr. Stielson's sister entered—Miss Sue. "A man is down stairs, brother, with a box for you. He is sister and mysterious and won't give his name, but must see you."

"No subject? Idler? I have got over that. Let him come up. Stand, sister, outside the door as 'sten."

A man like a rooster with swelled features, came in with a parcel.

"Well?"

"Is that your name or initials?" asked the man, producing a surgical instrument of silver.

"Enduredly. How did you come by it?"

"I took it in trade from a young man. I think I see his picture on that mantel."

"Slender! Deceiver!" exclaimed Dr. Stielson. "That is my only son."

"Take your hand from my throat, doctor. I am afraid of you. If I should cry 'Murder!' what would become of that young man? See here!"

He opened his package, and it contained a full set of costly surgical instruments in Dr. Stielson's specialty, of late not much used, but he recognized every article.

"Your reputation," said the illicit dealer, "is such that I put the claw upon my bargain at once. I asked the young man for a receipt when I paid him the money. I swear that I see his photograph there. Can you swear this is not his handwriting?"

The doctor looked and groaned and sank into his chair.

"Sue, settle with this person. O my God!"

The sister did as she was bidden, dismissed the fence shopkeeper and came back.

"Jack is a thief, Sue. He has robbed his father. What is to be done?"

"Nothing. It is bad enough already."

"I can never trust him again—never recommend him. Our ways part from this moment. Let him never see me!"

"Brother, it is New Year's eve."

"The night I married his accursed mother. Have I killed and spent the hours of sleep in storm and midnight consultation to gain a national fame only to come to this pang—I have no son!"

He faintly, who had a nerve of steel and could cut to the very membrane between life and death. His sister was accursed and gave him restorative and heard him continue to moan and rave.

"Be still," she said at length. "Do you suppose this afflicts me not? What have I to love but Jack? If you throw him off, I will go with him. Now beware!"

"Oh, if he had killed some one in an affair! If he had set the city on fire! If he had been anything but a thief!"

"Enough. He is a thief. That is all of it. A thief was forgiven on the cross, where you and I are now. I shall forgive him."

"I never will."

"Then you are a bad man. Perhaps you have stolen yourself some time. Look below your hard heart, Pierce Stielson, and reflect."

She heard a key in the door below and left her brother, sick herself of the misery which had come upon that house.

"New Year's eve!" exclaimed the doctor, and he threw himself upon the floor, not for the first time in his life, to know the ache of the broken heart.

He had come to Philadelphia from Delaware, out of an apothecary shop, to study medicine. Excessive ambition from boyhood on had unheeded his responsibilities with the fire of energy till he was like a boiler full of fire, his rivets of life ever swollen up, his leisure nothing but cold exhaustion. His was a name of fame now without personality.

All knew that he had separated from his wife soon after their marriage and was sequestered, but his son seemed to fill the vacant place. His own integrity was everywhere understood, and a very few knew that this man of indifferent manners and hurry and intensity had a second nature beneath the first that was like an undeveloped child.

Cure misery he felt now, the little thing he had not watched—filial truth—taking him like an assassin upon his own threshold.

He could not cry; he could not reason. His absolute nature and faith had been for the second time destroyed.

There were bottles on his mantel which could kill. They had often occurred to him as instant reliefs from so much living and so little resulting. He felt like dying now by his own act. No fear of the grisly had he, but he was deterred by pride.

If he could almost wish his son would read of his father's suicide and become penitent, there was a woman who might think the love of her had caused it and exact it.

How honorable, he thought, had been his life! His uniform meeting of his bills, the apprehension of debt, the fidelity of

his contracts, his disregard of avarice while accumulating prosperity. And yet his sister had but now thrown it up to him that he might once have been a thief.

He a thief? Now he did weep in indignation!

"Never, never!"

Oh, memory!

He faltered to say "never" again, for there crept into his mind the memory of two distinct acts of dishonesty committed in childhood, which he had forgotten for 30 years.

He had played truant from school in his parents' absence and meanly put the excuse for it upon his orphan cousin, a helpless ward in his father's house.

There also arose before him a moment when he had taken a quarter of a dollar twice from his employer's till to buy his way into a circus.

Could those deeds be now called villainy? Pah! They were the raw acts of an unformed animal, a mollusk, a timid, wistful child. He had put temptation on his feet long ago and resolved never to lie nor evade nor to take mean advantage, and had lived up to his second life till frankness and courage were as natural to the great surgeon as to his faithful mastiff dog.

Yet he was not giving anybody else the chance to reform. His son was the offspring of that earlier life—not this second and better birth of the upright man in the slippery lad.

Could he say that his were not the traits which had descended to his child? Could he again lay upon a woman's, an erring woman's, head all the weak traits of his boy and reserve to himself a rectitude he had this instant found three exceptions to?

All at once a feeling of pity for the erring boys or women came into Dr. Pierce Stielson's perception, peeped into his heart and lingered there.

He began to feel glad that he had committed two thefts and one dastardly mean act, else he would be almost magnanimity. As a blameless father he could not forgive his child.

As a thief a thief upon the cross of pain and woe, he could look over into the kingdom of thieves and almost think, "Ye poor Robin Hood of the world, enter into my paradise."

As a recreant cousin to his older playmate, he now could forgive Peter, who denied his master like a perjurer till reproved by the crowing of the wanton bird.

Dishonesty might be congenial, hereditary, but it was the most general of offenses. How had he dared to liken it to Cain spilling his brother's blood, or the fell incendiary's destruction of house, city or one's country?

He, the anatomist, the materialist, who had traced the folds of the brain, the exact workings of motion, memory, speech, love, ecstasy, felony—was he to drive his son away for an act he would forgive his God?

The weaker son, the greater should be the father's love.

The gnawing torture of the doctor's heart seemed to feel the sedative comfort of this counsel, and far beyond his son's offense he almost felt forgiveness for that one which had dealt him the fouler blow.

"Oh, man! Oh, embryo! Oh, fellow laborers and cowers upon the planet!" the doctor thought, like prayer. "Forgive each other! Let me by charity become a god and cast out every hate!"

His sister entered—a grim woman, disappointed in love. She took his head in her lap and sat upon the floor.

"Pierce, I am ashamed of myself to have called you a thief. You are all I have left; Arthur has gone."

She sobbed without hope. It was long before the doctor could even repeat, "Gone?"

"Yes, he admitted it all. A woman had fascinated him. To make her a present for Christmas he took off that old case of tools. He says he cannot look you in the face."

"Why not? I have remembered, sister, when I was no better than Arthur."

"Remember, my brother," spoke Sister Sue, "when you were no example to his mother, nor an example for my lover, whose follies you would not forgive. If I had my lover back, God knows I would forgive him! We drove him away. Arthur was as weak. If I live life over again, I shall not strain to find everybody perfect and be the only perfect one, left, desolate and alone."

"A woman infatuated Arthur? Why, that is the commonest case in the world. Young fellows are hardly responsible at such times. I don't think it is so very bad. I'll give Arthur an allowance and call him home."

"That was your mistake before, Pierce. He had no money. You questioned him too closely."

"He shall have an allowance—a large one. What else do I live for?"

"Brother, listen! That is his key?"

"My son! Come, come to me!" loudly cried Dr. Stielson.

The son appeared. His handsome face expressed woe. He stood awhile silent, looking to the floor.

"I have one regret, father," finally said Arthur. "You will be unhappy. Like all who are dishonest, I suppose, I thought to return my stolen goods before they could be missed."

"It's all right, my boy. I so far forgive you that I will invite the young woman you like to our New Year's dinner."

"Sir, I love you dearly, and my aunt also I love. And yet there is a dearer one. I must eat my New Year's dinner there."

"Oh, infatuated son! I thought you pure as crystal."

"The lady I love, my father, loved me first. She cannot live without me. Sir, I am without offense, except that I took your tools and sold them. No one can know this lady I speak of and not be pure."

He now raised his eyes and looked at his father. He dropped tears of real emotion.

"Pierce, you have suspected him where he is blameless," Miss Sue said, trembling.

"Oh, they all think that. Our medical students think all these harve wib

ows of their predecessors to be pure—more victims of circumstance."

"Is not that as well as to believe nobody pure?" cried Aunt Sue, kissing her nephew's lips.

"She would eat alone if I ate my New Year's dinner away from her," faltered the boy's words, with a fresh flow of tears.

"She shall not," cried Dr. Stielson. "She shall eat it here, and if it must go so far she shall be my child."

He took his son in his arms. He spread his office safe wide open and gave Arthur the keys.

"Take all you want, my son, and dry your tears. I have not any bond or mortgage worth one tear of pain you shed."

"Father, she is at the door waiting for me. The love I bear her is sincere pity, nothing more. Motherless myself, I found a heart that was like a mother's. She asked me for my picture for New Year's day. I could not refuse her. She forbade me to tell you of it. I put it upon her breast. With her now is the gentleman whose house she cares for. His character will justify us all."

"Command them both to come in, dear Arthur, and be welcome," spoke Dr. Stielson.

Two persons soon came in. There was a long, strange pause, which alarmed the son.

Miss Sue was the first to speak, averting her eyes from the strange, tall man who had entered.

"Arthur," said Aunt Sue, "I see your portrait set in gold upon that lady's breast. I kiss her as I would kiss you, my last and only precious thing, because, Arthur, she is your mother!"

"Dr. Stielson," the strange man spoke, arresting all by his half welcome presence, "hear me once more. We began our careers together as medical students in this city of Philadelphia. For 20 years we have never acknowledged each other, though of equal medical rank. I loved your sister. You judged me too hard by your boyish treacheries and forced her to give me up. Yes, Susan Stielson, first and last of my true loves, I have for you lived a bachelor life."

"Have I lived false to you, Dr. Layton?" was Aunt Sue's reply.

"I hated Dr. Stielson, as all comrades hate a discrimination made between their families against two hearts. In turn—meanly revengeful—I played upon his ever rigid nature and drove him from his wife. Since then she has been the housekeeper of my bachelor home, and I swear to you a true and faithful wife and mother. The beauty she yet bears is the fruitage of that inward peace and submission which keep old age away."

Dr. Stielson's eyes were full of tears again.

"Even at home your wife, Pierce Stielson, saw not many, but saw at last her son. I made her promise me to hold the secret back till time could somehow work this scene."

"I felt that I must have the picture of my child upon my breast, where he had so oft lain," the wife, with sweet expression, said. "Oh, Pierce, what instruments, such as he took to buy me this, could give disease so much relief? I wait for all things, even for your reason to come back."

"It has come too late," Pierce Stielson sighed. "Could it have ever come but for the memory of some early sin that pricked my memory when I condemned my son?"

"There is nothing late about it," observed Aunt Sue. "Let Arthur's mother come here and take my place. I will go over to Dr. Layton's and take her place. I'm not as young looking as Mary, but I can keep Tom Layton just as comfortable."

"Why, there is a magistrate next door," exclaimed Arthur. "He can marry anybody. Father, can you forgive us all?"

"Forgive?" said Dr. Stielson. "Oh, friends, I can forgive all except him who has no errors to remember. Conscience has made me a husband again and given me a son—and I hope a brother-in-law."

"Call on the magistrate, Arty," cried Dr. Layton. "I see only my Susan's heart of faultless beauty."

"These things," said Aunt Sue, "always happen about New Year's time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Queen Elizabeth's New Year's Gifts.

Henry III of England followed the Roman precedent in extorting New Year's gifts from his subjects, the practice being revived in the reign of Henry VI and continuing till the reign of Charles I. But it was during Queen Elizabeth's reign that this custom of presenting New Year's gifts to the sovereign attained its most extravagant height. These presents were made by every one in any way associated with the virgin queen, from the great officers of state down to her majesty's dustman, and included sums of money, ornaments for the queen's person or apartments, caskets studded with precious stones, necklaces, bracelets, gowns, mantles, petticoats, fans, mirrors, silk stockings and a great variety of other articles. Howell states in his "History of the World" that "Queen Elizabeth in 1561 was presented with a pair of black silk knit stockings by her silk woman, Mrs. Montague, and thenceforth she never wore cloth hose any more." The queen's wardrobe is said to have been almost wholly supplied by these New Year's gifts, in return for which she made presents of gold and silver plate.—Buffalo Express.

The Russian Feast of the Dead.

The Russians, at their New Year's, hold a feast called "The Feast of the Dead," or, in the Russian language, "Raditzil Sabol." The people, in accordance with old, traditional customs that date back probably to the time when they were wandering tribes in Central Asia, visit the graves of their departed friends and place food upon them. The priests attend also and celebrate the mass, taking portions of the food left upon the graves. The Turks and Arabs begin the year from the 10th of July, the Abyssinians the 26th of August, and the Indians of America with the vernal equinox.—Selected.

New Year's Superstitions.

The following superstitions in connection with New Year's are still firmly believed in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales:

On New Year's morning go to a well or fountain and leave an apple and noney, and the water will keep fresh and be more wholesome all the year.

If a dark complexioned man crosses your threshold first on New Year's day, you will be prosperous; if a blond, unlucky, and if a redheaded man dire disaster will surely follow.—Selected.

SIX MILLION MILES WE'VE SPED.

Once Again Old Mother Earth Has Rolled Around the Sun.

This is the beginning of a new year, and we have made a very long journey. Old travelers say that when a man gets lost in the wilderness he goes round and round in trying to go ahead, and he finds himself following his own tracks in a circle. I don't know whether this is so or not, but I do know that today we are right exactly where we were a year ago, and yet we have traveled round and round nearly 6,000,000 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute. Astronomers tell us that we are right exactly where we were a year ago.

This is mighty curious to me. Who is doing it? This world has been going on this grand round for thousands of years, maybe millions of years, and is still at it. What is it for? I want to know. Why doesn't it stop and rest? What did it ever start for? If this earth was made for us, why does it have to go round and round forever and forever? If it has to go round the sun, why wouldn't it circle do as well as an ellipse—why go at all? Couldn't the universe be still and every planet be independent? Why does the earth have to turn a somersault every day and whirl us round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour? Who is doing all this, and what is it done for, and when is the whole business to come to an end, or a focus, or a transformation?

I confess my ignorance and feel as humble as a dog when I contemplate the wonders and mysteries of creation. I don't understand how the corn grows, nor the flowers bloom, nor the birds hatch their young, and yet I realize that everything has been made for our good, our comfort, or our pleasure.

I was popping corn last night for a little grandchild, and I know that in the grand design of Providence this little corn was created just to please the children and nothing else. I know that cotton grows to clothe the millions in summer, and the sheep were created to give us wool in winter, and the cattle to give us milk and butter and shoes. Even our complaints and ailments are provided for in nature's remedies, for we have quinine and calomel and castor oil and opium and turpentine and mineral springs, and the best are the cheapest. All the best things are the cheapest—the air and water and fire, the bread and meat and vegetables, and the fruits of the earth and the material for clothing.

The evidences of design and care and love are all around us everywhere and in everything, and I cannot understand how a thoughtful man can be an agnostic or an infidel. I want to thank somebody every morning for preserving me through the night, for I know that sleep is near akin to death, and I cannot keep my own heart beating. There is some great thing behind me, and I will trust him because he has been good to me and sustained me all my life. The best religion is to trust in the Lord and do good.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Chinese New Year Customs.

The custom of giving presents and particularly that of exchanging New Year's calls is essentially Chinese. The coincidence of these two rather peculiar acts of brotherly love coexisting in Holland and Scotland should furnish cause for thought. It is a little singular certainly that the Chinese, who are not an over-charitable or forgiving race, should enjoin the forgiveness of all debts at the beginning of the new year.

It is an amusing spectacle in China to see the creditor mercilessly hunting down the debtor during the few days that remain. No one is exempt from the necessity, for in order to pay his own debts he must in turn collect what is due to him. The debtor who cannot fulfill his obligations by New Year's goes into bankruptcy by the operations of